

A Fawcett Publication



Six-Gun Heroes

JULY NO. 15

10¢



In This Issue:
SHADOW
of the
MOON!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE



LASH LaRUE

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W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

HERO'S PRIDE

AND THE
FELLOW IN THE PICTURE NEXT TO
MINE, STEVIE, WAS THE GREATEST
BRONG RIDER IN THE BUSINESS,
CHUCK SAUNDERS!

IS HE STILL
WITH THE RODEO,
UNCLE HOPPY?

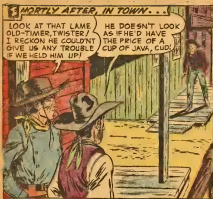
NO, STEVIE! ONE DAY A BRONG
HE WAS RIDING CRASHED INTO
A WALL AND CRUSHED HIS
LEG! IT LEFT CHUCK WITH
A LIMP AND AFTER HE GOT
OUT OF THE HOSPITAL HE
DISAPPEARED!

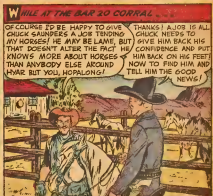
TELL ME SOME
MORE STORIES OF
YOUR RODEO DAYS,
UNCLE HOPPY!

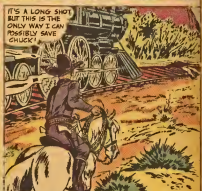
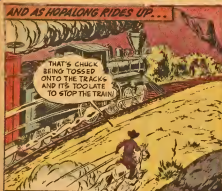
SOME OTHER TIME, STEVIE!
RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE
AND RELIEVE MY
DEPUTY!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

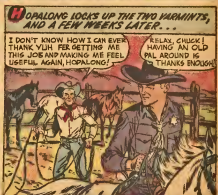
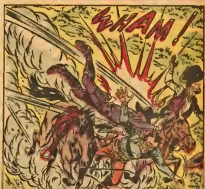
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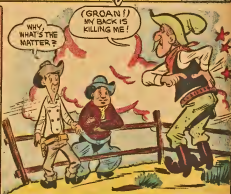
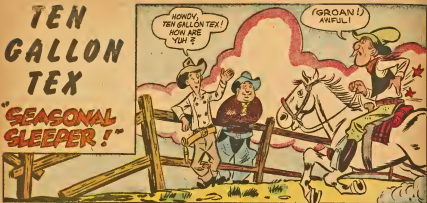


SIX GUN HEROES



TEN GALLON TEX

"SEASONAL
SLEEPER!"





JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT... DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ©



TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ... LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ... INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ... YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Heed Rubber Company and E.F. Goodrich

SMILEY BURNETTE

in **FOOLISH FIREMEN**

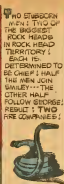


FIRE DEPARTMENTS HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN THE SMOOTHLY OPERATING ORGANIZATIONS WE KNOW TODAY! IN THE EARLY DAYS, FIRE DEPARTMENTS WERE MORE LIKELY TO BATTLE EACH OTHER THAN TO BATTLE THE BLAZES! THE MAN WHO COULD REALLY TELL YOU ABOUT THIS IS THE FIRST CHIEF OF THE ROCK HEAD TERRITORY FIRE DEPARTMENT, MR. SMILEY BURNETTE!

EDITOR, SMILEY BURNETTE SHOWS A PAGE PROOF OF BURNETTE'S BUGLE TO A FRIEND!



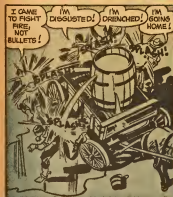






WE'LL SHORTEN IT FOR YUH!







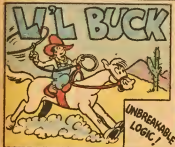
LAMEBRAIN

THE FITTEST OF THE FIT !





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Lash LARUE



The ROCK of DOOM

Hidden wealth means hidden dangers.... and that's what faces LASH LARUE, the Roving Marshal, when he tries to solve the mystery of

The ROCK of DOOM!



AT TOWN HALL...

...AND THE GOVERNMENT WANTS THE PEOPLE TO SEE THE PLATES FROM WHICH OUR MONEY IS MADE!

I RECKON ANY COUNTERFEITER IN THE COUNTRY WOULD LOVE TO GET HIS HANDS ON THAT PLATE!

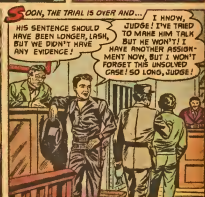
AND JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT NO VARMINTS GRAB HOLD OF THE PLATE, THE GOVERNMENT SENT LASH LARUE ALONG WITH ME ON THIS TOUR!

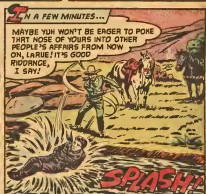
SUDDENLY.....

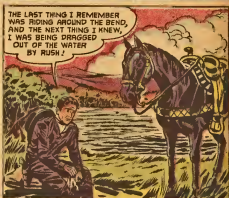
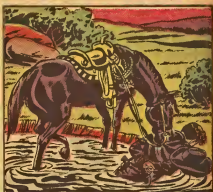
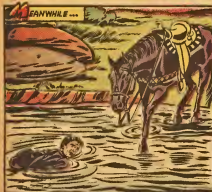
BANG! BANG! BANG!

SOMEONE SHOT OUT THE LIGHTS!









IT'S NOT TOO HARD TO FIGURE OUT WHO IT WAS WHO BUSHWHACKED ME!



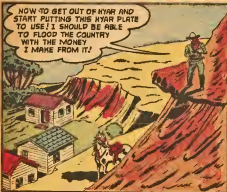
HE WAS HEADING IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE VOLCANO! GIDDAP, RUSH! GIDDAP!



AT THE SAME TIME... THOSE DYNAMITE CHARGES I SET OFF GOT THE PEOPLE OUT OF HYAR, PRONTO! THAT GAVE ME ALL THE TIME I NEEDED TO DIG UP THIS MONEY PLATE FROM WHAR I BURIED IT!



NOW TO GET OUT OF HYAR AND START PUTTING THIS HYAR PLATE TO USE! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FLOOD THE COUNTRY WITH THE MONEY I MAKE FROM IT!



I FIGURED HE WOULD BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY, AND FROM HERE I CAN SEE THE ENTIRE AREA... WAIT! THERE HE IS!



WELL, HE'S GOING TO HAVE COMPANY MIGHTY SOON!

IT'S LARUE! I THOUGHT I GOT RID OF HIM FER GOOD!

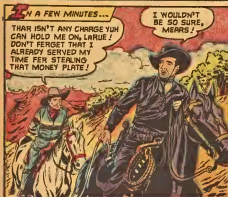
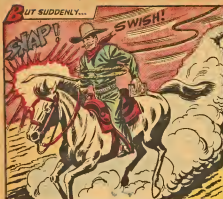


AS LONG AS I'VE GOT MY HORSE AND HE HAS TO DEPEND ON HIS LEGS, HE'S GOING TO HAVE A MIGHTY HARD JOB CATCHING UP WITH ME!



SO LONG, LARUE!







SIX GUN HEROES

GAMBLER'S END



By Joe K. Jones



SAM STAPLES rode into Barton City on his blaze faced roan. His lean and wiry figure was tall in the saddle. Dust of the road powdered him from head to foot. "Firelight" tossed his head against the reins as Sam tied him to the rack in front of the Iron Handle saloon.

"Hold on, Firelight, there's nobody throwing a gun on us—yet," he soothed the skittish horse. But Sam was alert as he pushed through the slatted batwing doors. A heavy, dark man frowned up from a poker game, put down his cards as Sam crossed to the bar and lined up his chips in a pile.

"Hang on to your chips, boys, I'll be right back. Got business," he said in a loud voice, nodding toward Sam with a broad wink that promised sport with the stranger.

"All right, Nez," the poker players agreed.

"Howdy," he greeted Sam at the bar.

Sam nodded.

"Passin' through?"

"No, been in the saddle too long," said Sam.

"Heard a man named Stoker's paying top wages to good hands. Do you know where I can find him?"

At the mention of Stoker's name heads turned from the poker game. The gambler's eyes narrowed on Sam.

"Dunno. But I'm givin' yuh good advice. It's healthier to move on than to ride for Stoker," came the low threatening reply. He turned his back on Sam, drew his gun and sent six bullets winging through the back wall in a perfect circle. He holstered his gun and turned to Sam as townspeople crowded up to the batwing doors, drawn by the firing. They all waited for Sam's move.

"Nice shootin'," Sam drawled softly. His cool gray eyes smiled right into the gambler's dark frown. Sam drew his Colt and aimed straight at Wharton's circle. Six swift explosions snapped from the Colt's smoking mouth. Gasps rose from the crowd at the door. Staples had shot another circle—inside Wharton's! The confident sneer on the gambler's face turned to red-faced anger, as Sam said quietly,

"I'm almin' to stay in Barton City."

"I'm Nez Wharton," the gambler said in a harsh voice, "and what I say goes in this town. Move on, there's no room for yuh!"

"You the Sheriff?" inquired Sam coolly, reloading his Colt.

The poker players laughed raucously.

"There ain't no Sheriff in Barton. Last two men tried lawin' are six feet under." Wharton fingered the notches on his gun. "Take your horse and git. I'm givin' yuh till sunup to-morrow."

"Sam Staples is my handle. I'm almin' to stay and I'm still looking for Stoker." His defiant eyes took in Wharton from Stetson to boots. Then he turned, pushed his way through the crowd and angled across the street to the hotel.

Running after him came a short, red-faced man with peppery white hair. "I'm John Stoker," he panted. "Heard you were lookin' for me."

"I got word you're lookin' for top hands. I been ridin'—"

"You're hired, man, you're hired!" sputtered the lively rancher. "With shootin' like that, you're hired! Nez Wharton has already gunned down my ramrod and rustled my best stock over the border. There hasn't been a Sheriff for almost a year. Gamblers and thieves running wide open. If I were twenty years younger . . ." His short white beard shook with anger.

"Let's get goin'," interrupted Sam. "I'd like to see the layout."

"All right," said Stoker, calming down. "But are you sure you want to stay? I'm not paying gun wages for a picnic."

A grim smile curved Sam's lips. "I wasn't quite sure before I hit town, Stoker, but Nez Wharton fixed my mind."

Word spread through Barton City with the speed of a flash flood that the new man was taking on the ramrod job at Stoker's. The town slept uneasily that night, waiting for the deadline set by Wharton.

The sun came up next morning as Sam was

riding Firelight out of Stoker's headquarters. He headed for the range through Rib Rock Pass, where the road channeled through outcropped rock. As they entered the Pass, Sam reached down and loosened his Colt from the holster.

Wharton's sharp grating voice reached down suddenly from the rim of the pass, "Draw yore gun pronto, Staples!"

Sam stood stock-still on Firelight. He could see Wharton out of the corner of his eye. Then, with the sudden speed of forked lightning, he threw himself forward off the horse, twisting to the right as he pulled his Colt. He fired at the same instant as Wharton did. Sam saw the gambler's hat fly off and he felt a thud in his side like the kick of a mule. The double explosion echoed between the rock walls. His side throbbing, Sam slithered to cover on the other side of the road. Wharton raised his head over the rim and fired down. Stone chips cut into Sam's face as he traded shots. A curse of pain came from above as Sam's slug clipped the swarthy outlaw's ear.

Wharton's anger exploded into wild shooting that emptied his gun. Sam spaced his fire to keep the gambler's head down as he crawled flat against the earth, leaving a bright red ribbon in the dust behind him.

Silence above meant that Wharton was reloading. Swiftly and gracefully as a panther, Sam crossed the road and climbed the rocks behind the Barton City desperado. Bracing himself against the pain, he threw himself on Wharton and knocked his gun clattering down the rocks. The outlaw jerked free, landing a meaty right against Sam's face, drawing a trickle of blood. Sam staggered back, breathing hard.

Then he came reeling forward with savage thudding blows to Wharton's ribs. Backed against rocks, the gambler lowered his head in a bull drive for Sam, who sidestepped, chopping down at Wharton's neck. Momentum carried the gambler straight over the rim to crash on the narrow road below. Sam took a breath and leaped after him, slamming his boots against Wharton's chest. Sam felt ribs crack under his high heels. He pulled Wharton to his feet and drove stunning blows to the square chin. Wharton soon lay writhing beside him. Surrender signalled from his pain glazed eyes and his torn mouth. He was through!

Sam looked down at Barton City's gambler chief and waited for breath to come back to

him as he reached for his Colt. His shield front flannel shirt was a rag wet with blood and sweat. Wharton stirred.

"Get up, Wharton," Sam said. "We're heading for town." He held the gun steady on Wharton's heart. Without a word Wharton mounted his horse. Sam rode Firelight behind him. When they reached town a crowd gathered, expecting to mourn another victim of the lawless gambler. When they understood that Wharton was Sam's prisoner, cries went up for a hemp rope to put an end to his evil days. They would have dragged him from his horse, but Sam spoke up sharply behind him, "Any hombre lookin' for a taste of lead can take Nez Wharton off his horse." He eased the Colt around slowly. "We're goin' to handle this lawful. Where's the lookout?" Hands pointed to a dusty one story adobe. He waved Wharton in and locked the door.

John Stoker forced his way out of the crowd in front of the jail and grabbed Sam's hand. The little man pumped up and down in happiness. He turned to the people with his arm around Sam.

"Friends, Sam Staples has cut down that rattlesnake." He tossed his head in the direction of the jail. "I hired Sam yesterday as my ramrod and I'm firing him today—" Standing beside him Sam almost jumped in surprise. "Because," Stoker continued, "I here and now nominate Sam Staples to be Sheriff of Barton City." Loud cheers responded to the nomination. "What say, son?" He turned to Sam.

SAM hesitated. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I never saw myself as a badge toter. I was only trying to be peaceful when that ten cent pickpocket got in my way."

John Stoker spoke up. "Sam Staples, are you walking out on the honest people of the town after you brought law and order?"

"No," replied Sam, shifting uncomfortably. "I like it right enough in Barton City. It's just, well, if I take the job I'll have to make one condition."

"What's that?" asked Stoker.

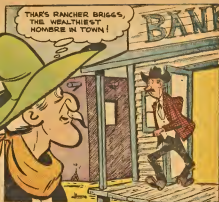
"I won't wear a badge," replied Sam.

"Done!" shouted Stoker jubilantly amid general laughter. "Your Colt is badge enough," he said, as he led the new Sheriff away to begin his term of office.

THE END

TEN GALLON TEX.

MONEY MAN!



Rocky Lane

IN SHADOW OF THE MOON





AND THERE IS MORE THAN ONE PATH!

EXCUSE ME, BUT DID YOU SEE TWO MEN RIDE BY HERE?

NO! I WAS DEEP IN MY ORCHARD BUT I DID HEAR HOOFEATS AND THAT'S WHY I CAME OUT TO SEE WHO IT WAS! I CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU WHICH PATH THEY TOOK!

I'M SORRY IF MY SMUDGE CAUSED YUH ANY TROUBLE. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! YOU NEED THOSE SMUDGE POTS TO GET RID OF THE INSECTS IN YOUR ORCHARD! AND BESIDES, THIS IS YOUR PROPERTY!

I RECKON I'LL JUST HAVE TO GUESS WHICH WAY THEY WENT! THIS PATH LOOKS AS GOOD TO ME AS THE OTHERS!

THAT PATH LEADS TO SUNSET MOUNTAIN! IF YUH DECIDE TO CLIMB IT, YUH BETTER REMEMBER THIS...

... THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN IS A DEAD END, SO YUH'VE GOT TO COME BACK THE SAME WAY YUH WENT UP! IT'S ALSO PEPPERED WITH MANY NATURAL, BUT HARD TO SEE, HIDING PLACES SO WATCH YOUR STEP IF YUH THINK THE VARMINTS YORE LOOKING FER ARE UP THERE!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! LET'S GO, JACK!

SUNSET MOUNTAIN AT THE FOOT OF SUNSET MOUNTAIN. CRAY, CURELY, BUT I TELL YUH, LET'S HEAD FER OUR HIDE-OUT! BUT I TELL YUH, TREVORE, SOME-ONE'S FOLLOWING US! THAT HOMBRE MUST HAVE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL, AND IF HE SEES US CLIMBING UP, HE'LL HAVE US TRAPPED SINCE THIS PATH IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE AND EXIT TO THE MOUNTAIN!

WELL, WE CAN'T KEEP RIDING WITH THIS LOOT! IT'S ALL THE PROOF ANYONE WOULD NEED THAT WE ROBBED THE SUNSET VALLEY BANK! I HAVE AN IDEA! YUH TAKE THE LOOT AND HEAD FER THE HIDE-OUT! I'LL GO GET A BOAT AND WAIT IN BACK OF THE MOUNTAIN FER YUH! WHEN IT GETS DARK YUH CAN TIE A ROPE ON TOP OF THE CLIFF AND CLIMB DOWN!

BUT WHAT IF THE HOMBRE SPOTS ME? ENOUGH TO FOL-LOW YUH, ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS JUMP IN ONE OF THE HOLES ON THE WAY UP AND KILL HIM!

AND IF HE DECIDES TO WAIT TILL YUH COME DOWN, HE'LL HAVE AN ENDLESS WAIT, SINCE I'LL HAVE YOU SAFELY OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN BY MIDNIGHT!

OKAY, COKEY! I RECKON YO'RE RIGHT/NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK YUH COULD GET OFF THIS MOUNTAIN BY THE BACK WAY!



SHOWIN' AFTER...

GOOD WORK, BLACK JACK! THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW! WE'LL GET HIM FOR SURE!



BUT AS ROCKY STARTS THE CLIMB...

OH/OH! I FORGOT WHAT THE FARMER TOLD ME! HE'S JUMPED INTO ONE OF THOSE MANY HIDING PLACES WHICH MAKES HIM INVISIBLE, BUT WHICH MAKES ME A PERFECT TARGET!



I RECKON WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF BULLET RANGE, BLACK JACK!



I MISSED HIM, BUT I SCARED HIM OFF WHICH IS JUST AS GOOD!

SHERIFF DOBBS, I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

THE BANK GUARD TOLD ME THE STORY AND I PICKED UP YOUR TRAIL FROM FARMER HOLLINGS! ANY LUCK IN FINDING THOSE OWLHOOTS?



AFTER ROCKY ENLAINS

HE'S GOT TO COME DOWN FOR FOOD SOONER OR LATER, SO WE'RE BOUND TO CATCH HIM! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BE PATIENT!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF, AND WHEN WE DO, LET'S HOPE HE'LL TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND HIS PARTNER!



THAT NIGHT

THE RIVER SOUNDS MIGHTY ROUGH TONIGHT, SHERIFF!

THAT'S FUNNY, ROCKY! I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING! AND IT'S REAL ODD, SINCE THE RIVER IS USUALLY AS CALM AS A LAKE!



MAYBE WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!



SIX GUN HEROES

THE NOISE WE HEARD WAS MADE BY THAT ROWBOAT! THAT MUST BE HIS PARTNER. THEY TRYING TO HELP HIM TO ESCAPE!



OH, NO, YOU DON'T! WE'VE GOT YOUR PARTNER TRAPPED ON THE MOUNTAIN AND THAT'S NOW WE'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED TOO! WHAT YOU THINK!



IF I LEAVE THE UNCONSCIOUS SHERIFF HERE, HE'LL DROWN, WHICH MEANS I'LL HAVE TO LET THAT HOMBRE ESCAPE!



BUT THAT BRIGHT MOON JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA!



SHORTLY AFTER... NOTHING'S

I SURE BUNGLED THAT JOB! BUNGLED YET, SHERIFF! JUST MAKE SURE YOU SEE THE EDITOR OF THE LOCAL PAPER AND FARMER HOLLINGS RIGHT AWAY! I'LL STAND GUARD!

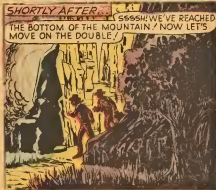
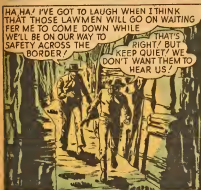
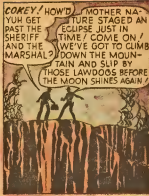


THE NEXT MORNING...



HOW INTERESTING! I KNOW SUNSET MOUNTAIN LIKE MY OWN BACKYARD! IF IT'S GOING TO BE THAT DARK, I SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE SLIPPING BY THE SHERIFF AND THAT OTHER LAWDOG AND GETTING TREVORE OFF THE MOUNTAIN BEFORE THE ECLIPSE IS OVER!







- ★ FOR RIDING THAT RIPS ACROSS THE RANGE LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE
WATCH THIS MAN...
- ★ FOR GUN-TOTING JUSTICE AGAINST VICIOUS OUTLAWRY
WATCH THIS MAN...
- ★ FOR THE BLAZINGEST WESTERN-ACTION THRILLS OF ALL TIME

DO NOT MISS A
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**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

WESTERN
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4 FREE TRIPS
to my Colorado
ranch, Partner!

—Red Ryder

ROUTE MAP OF THE FOUR PRIZE TRIP WINNERS!



257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

in this exciting New Nation-wide

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PARDNER!
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FREE
CONTEST
KIT
at your
DAISY
DEALER
or MAIL
COUPON!

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carabines, Trophy Cups, Medals provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee with their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1952! NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to win!

NEW!

DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER

win one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rear-sight with Elevation, Windage adjuster! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

Trains higher in Rockies, West, Canada and subject to change without notice. See NEA member lists direct—ask your Dealer.



DAISY PUMP GUN

win one! Take-down model "Gold-enraved" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.



RED RYDER

COWBOY CARBINE

win one! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.



DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

win one! A 1000 shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal blade.



DAISY BULLS EYE shot is Best for

DAISY Air Rifles



TO: **RED RYDER, Corp of DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
Dept. 1262, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.
I enclose unused 3¢ stamp to help pay mailing cost. RUSH FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 1262, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

Illustration: Stephen V. Pittman (Smallville)

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1998

D. Miles edit



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